1744

BRITANNIA's ALARM:

A

POEM,

Occaſioned by the

PRESENT REBELLION.

To which is added,

A

FABLE

OF THE

VINE and BRAMBLE.

By *THOMAS GIBBONS.*

Protinùs irrupit Venæ pejoris in Ævum
Omne Nefas; fugere Pudor, Verumque Fideſque:
In quorum ſubiere Locum Fraudeſque, Dolique,
Inſidiæque & Vis, & Amor ſceleratus habendi.

OVID.

Libertatem Nemo bonus niſi cum Animâ ſimul amittit.

SALLUST.

LONDON:

Printed for R. KING, in *Foreſtreet*; J. BUCKLAND, and M. COOPER in *Pater-noſter-Row*; and M. MARSHAL in *Newgate Street*. MDCCXLV.

(Price Sixpence.)

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THE PREFACE.

IT *unqueſtionably becomes every Lover of his Religion, Subject to his Majeſty King* George, *and Well-wiſher to the Intereſts of his Country, to exert himſelf to the utmoſt of his Power in this critical Poſture of Affairs. This is my Apology for the Publication of the following Poem; and, hoping that the good End I had in View will procure it a candid Peruſal, I venture it into the World with very little Anxiety for its Reception.*

The Papiſts, *and ſuch who lean towards their Faction, I had no Intention to pleaſe, nor ſhall I miſs of my Expectation if I have their bitter Reſentment; tho' I am not conſcious that I have exaggerated in any one Inſtance their Principles or Practices beyond the real Truth.*

If any Perſon doubts of the Violation of their moſt ſolemn Oaths, and their horrible Maſſacres, I would refer him to a Pamphlet lately publiſhed, entitled, Great Britain's Memorial againſt the Pretender and Popery, *which is a faithful and compendious Nar-*

rative of the abominable Outrages of the Papiſts, *and which, (tho' it is entrenched round with the beſt Authorities from* Papiſt *as well as* Proteſtant *Writers) far ſurpaſſes, on the Points of Perjury and Cruelty all that I have imputed to the* Papiſts *in my Poem.*

The Fable *makes no Pretence to any Dignity of Verſe; but, as it has been acceptable to ſeveral of my Friends, I have added it to compleat the Pamphlet.*

May God of his infinite Mercy diffuſe a ſtill warmer Spirit of Loyalty, make our Nation ripe by a Reformation for a ſpeedy Deliverance, defeat the Schemes and Enterprizes of our blood-thirſty Enemies, and reſtore and eſtabliſh Peace on honourable and laſting Foundations!

Dec. 13. 1745.

T. G.

BRI-

BRITANNIA's ALARM:

A

POEM.

A Trivial Theme no more demands the Lay:
The painted Meadow, and the cloud-topt Hill,
The warbling Fountain, and the Night-brown Wood,
Where Contemplation holds her ſecret Haunt,
No longer pleaſe. The Muſe on *Britain*'s Fate
Attentive, ſees from *Scotia*'s diſtant Bound
The Tumult ſwell rebellious, driv'n along,
As Fires by Whirlwinds, by the Thirſt of Pow'r,
But more by Rapine's Rage. A gloomy Wretch,
Nurs'd in the Tyranny of *Rome*, and imp'd
With *Gallick* Frauds, and *Spain*'s remorſeleſs Hate,
Leads

Leads the wild Herd ; intent on no leſs Guilt
Than at one waſteful Blow to ſtrike the Crown
From *George*'s Head, to tear up Liberty
From its fair Roots, and periſh it for ever.
Hence riſes the ſtrong Patriot Flame, that fills
My beating Boſom ; hence th'impatient Zeal
To tell th'approaching Terrors, to arouſe
From Pleaſure's Lap the Mind unnerv'd, and raiſe
A *Britiſh* Flame in ev'ry *Britiſh* Breaſt.

O for the Tongue of that *Demoſthenes*,
That could ſo well deſcribe Tyrannic Woes,
And ſtamp the Horrors on the *Grecian* Hearts :
Then, as he liſt, could lead them to the Fields,
Where Liberty, and Plenty, Joy, and Peace
Harmonious reign, and wing the ſmiling Hours.
Or let me wiſh the unreſiſted Sway
Of *Tully*'s matchleſs Eloquence, that drew
From the ſtern Tyrant's Eye the human Tear :
Whole Senates hung attent, and from his Voice

For Clemency, or Juſtice, Peace, or War,
Denounc'd their Will. Or ſhall I better aſk
His Oratory *, who, at *Athens* drown'd
In Superſtition's Gloom, ſtruck out the Ray,
That pointed to th'Eternal Deity,
And ſhook the Idols tott'ring in their Shrines?
O! where are Words or full or warm to paint
The big Ideas lab'ring in my Soul;
Language is half-impov'riſh'd, and deſpairs
With all her Stores to graſp the mighty Theme.

Britons, forgive the Wrong. *When Danger yawns*
An hideous Gulph, and Liberty, and Life
Are threat'ned to be whelm'd, why all this Care,
This zealous Care, as if we need be warn'd
Of Terrors inſtant, glaring on the Sight?
I know the gen'ral Bulk have caught th'Alarm,
And gen'rous Warmth has run from Soul to Soul;
But ſtill, perhaps, ſome thoughtleſs Drones remain,
Content in Ignorance, ſeduc'd by Art,
Or lull'd in Luxury; Theſe, theſe, my Friends,

* St. *Paul.* Fain

Fain would I wake from their enchanted Dreams,
Scatter their idle Viſions, point the Edge
Of Ruin, and implant the Patriot Zeal.

And ſhall a *Popiſh* Miſcreant ſprung from him,
Whoſe doubtful Lineage ſhould exclude the Race
From *Britain*'s Throne, whom *Britain* has abjur'd
By gen'ral Vote, and ſeal'd the fix'd Decree;
Shall He, or his baſe Sire, audacious ſnatch
Imperial Sway, and tread our Monarch down?
Our Monarch, whoſe parental Care has watch'd
Through a bright Train of Years our publick Weal:
Juſtice and Mercy, Liberty and Truth
Have beam'd their mingled Radiance round his Crown
Perpetual, nor can Malice point the Blow
He ever aim'd at Property or Law.
To guard our Rights, as well as fix his Throne,
O'er *Europe*'s Scene he caſts his Eye abroad;
And, as the Balance calls, he adds the Weight
Of his own Councils, and his potent Arms.

Late

Late Times can tell how in the Fields of Death
He ſhook the ſhining Steel, ſuſtain'd the Shock
Of *Gallick* Swarms unnumber'd, and recoil'd
The Edge of Slaughter on the routed Bands
Of Tyranny and Fraud. Since, ſince we ſaw
His Hand, while *France* her Faction rouz'd in vain,
Of *Europe*'s Freedom fix the ſtrong Barr'er:
And *Auſtria*'s Eagle, nurs'd beneath his Care,
Like that which play'd in *Jove*'s Almighty Beam,
And graſp'd his forky Flame, as Heathens tell,
Claps the free Wing, renews her wither'd Strength,
And gathers all her Ire, reſolv'd to pay
Back on her *Gallick* Foes the laſt Arrear.'

And ſhall this Prince, the Father of his Realms,
The Tyrant's Scourge, the Guardian of Mankind,
Behold his Reign diſturb'd, his Sceptre broke,
And *Britons* tamely bear it? Burſt the Chains
Of your inglorious Sloth, avert the Storm
Impendant, bid the Cannons angry Roar
Begin its flaming War, the pointed Steel

Diſplay for Vengeance, bid it bathe its Thirſt
In thoſe Rebellious, who in *George*'s Breaſt
Would plunge the reeking Blade, exult to ſee
Britannia cruſh'd beneath their Iron Yoke,
Or what is worſe, (ſo *Rome*'s curs'd Tribe command)
Inſtead of Liberty's fair ſmiling Train
Of Joys, well-pleas'd would hear the Gibbet groan,
The Rack grow weary with the writhing Pain,
And ſhrieking Innocence in Flames expire.

Nor think the Shades too ſtrong: This Storm of Woes
Muſt burſt remedileſs on *Britain*'s Realm
Should *Pop'ry* ſnatch the Sway. Voracious Plagues
From *Rome*, like peeling Locuſts, ſhall pour forth
In gloomy Inundation o'er the Land,
And tho' an *Eden* blooms before their Way,
Yet Deſolation howls behind their Rear.
Again the Abbeys, half-conſum'd by Time,
Or levell'd in the Duſt, ſhall lift on high
Their glitt'ring Pomp, and in their lazy Wombs

The

The Monks ſhall kennel, there in mutt'ring Pray'rs,
Or planning murd'rous Guilt, or ſecret Luſts *.
Shall waſte their Days, and riot on the Toils
Of the poor Hind, who 'midſt his golden Fields,
And num'rous Flocks, but half ſuſtains his Babes
From ſhiv'ring Nakedneſs, and Hunger's Pang.

Nor is this greedy Herd content alone
By pamper'd Sloth to gorge the Nations Spoils;
But ev'n their *Faith* is fraught with dextrous Arts
And Juggles to delude th'unwary Mind.

* *Gregory* I. who enjoined his Clergy to live ſingle, commanded on a Time his Servants to catch him ſome Fiſh out of his Ponds; but inſtead of Fiſh they brought unto him 6000 Heads of young Children. *Fox.*

In *Anſelme's* Time, after the Reſtraint of Miniſters Marriage, great Rumours and Complaints were brought to him of the execrable Vice of Sodomy, which began to reign in the Clergy. *Fox.*

In Mr. *Bale's* Preface to his Book, entitled, *De Actis Romanorum Pontificum*, we find that the King's Officers appointed to viſit the Abbeys, *Anno* 1558, found in ſome *religious* (rather *irreligious*) Houſes, Five, in ſome, Ten, in ſome, Twenty Sodomites and Adulterers, whereof ſome kept Five, ſome Seven, ſome Twenty Harlots.

Drain off the Publick Wealth, and ſwallow all
Within the Churches unrefunding Gulph.
Hence *Purgatory* in her doleful Caves
Lights up her Penal Flame, that never dies
But when extinguiſh'd in a Show'r of Gold.
Hence holy Garments, worn by Monk, or Fri'r,
And fritter'd into Rags, are hard-procur'd
At vaſt Expence to wrap the breathleſs Corpſe,
Potent as tenfold Braſs to ſhield the Earth
Inſenſible from howling Fiends of Hell,
That walk their nightly Rounds. Hence, hence,
at *Rome*
Behold a full Exchange, where for the Guilt
Of *Sodom*'s Luſt, the Sire's diſhonour'd Bed,
And Murder with her Blade that faſt diſtils
With the warm Life of Brother, Father, Son,
Are Pardons purchas'd, and retail'd for Gold.
Pardons, that can expunge th'enormous Crimes
Of Years already meaſur'd, and abſolve
Futurity's black Deeds, nay after Death
The Pardon ſtreams its equal Influence on,

And

And runs the Circle of a Thouſand Years,
If well impell'd by Tides of glitt'ring Oar.
Look how in Kingdoms where the *Papal* Pow'r
Reigns unmoleſted, founded in the Night
Of ſacred Ignorance, the Prieſtly Droves
Extending far and wide, proclaim their Wares
Of fictious Relicks. *Here's the genuine Nail*
That pierc'd the Saviour's Palm, the antient Ruſt
Still ſhows the purple Tinge, it aſks at leaſt
A weighty Wedge of Gold. Lopt from the Croſs,
The holy Croſs, an hoary Chip remains,
Scarce can the Di'monds peerleſs Luſtre reach
Its ſecret Worth. The BAPTIST'S *Head* COMPLEAT,
Unmoulder'd by the Waſte of Time, appears,
And here a SHATTER'D FRAGMENT *of his Jaw,*
Dug from the deep Foundations, where of old
Proud HEROD'S *Palace roſe; a lower Price*
The Jaw, the Head a countleſs Sum requires *.

Theſe

* * Theſe laſt Lines eſpecially are intended as a Satire upon the *Papiſts*, for their moſt ridiculous and wicked Methods of multiplying their *Relicks*. *Eraſmus* tells us, that there are

Pieces

Theſe are the Arts, my Friends, and Myriads more
Remain untold, with which their *Creed* is ſtor'd
T' entomb the Nation's Wealth: nor feel the Wolves
Remorſe, or Pity, tho' the Suckling pines,
Half-famiſh'd at the Mother's thrifty Breaſt.
Should Poverty extend its ghaſtly Sway,
And ravage half the Globe, their Ear enjoys
The univerſal Groan, deep deep entranc'd
In Luxury's full Bliſs, hence pant their Sides
With wieldleſs Corpulence, hence ſwell their Cheeks
Wide-roſy with the Vintage of the Year.

Pieces of the Croſs to be ſeen in ſo many Places, that if they were laid together they would ſtow a Ship. St. *Peter*'s Brain at *Geneva*, ſays Dr. *Willet* in his *Synopſis Papiſmi*, *p.* 393. was found to be a Pumice-Stone, and the Image of *Venus* in an Agate was worſhipped at *Towers* for the Image of the Virgin *Mary*. And as to the Story I have touched upon, a *Papiſt*, not perceiving his Folly till he had given the Account, informed a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, that in his Travels through *Europe*, he had ſeen, and believed them to be genuine, the *whole* Head of *John* the *Baptiſt* in one Place, and the Jaw by *itſelf* in another.

Nor ſhall alone our *Riches* take the Wing,
And tow'r away, driv'n at the dire Approach
Of venal Prieſts, that, like a killing Blaſt,
Shall ſweep along the Land: Still worſe enſues.
Sweet *Liberty* with her unbounded Lap
Of Bleſſings muſt forſake our happy Iſle,
Our Iſle, that in her glorious Cauſe has ſtood
Th' inconquerable Mound, the fierceſt Shocks
Of Tyranny outbrav'd, and mark'd the Bound
Inviolable, where its Waves ſhould roll.

Hence in *Eliza*'s Days, when *Spain*'s proud Fleet
Unfurl'd her Sails, and bent for *Albion*'s Coaſt,
Freighted with Fetters, Axes, Sword, and Flame,
And ſwell'd with ev'ry Curſe that *Rome* inſpir'd,
Howard and *Drake* aroſe, the floating War
Repuls'd, and aided by th'Almighty's Storm,
Whelm'd all the tow'ring Terrors in the Deep.

For *Liberty* Immortal *Naſſau* left
The *Belgian* Strand, and ſtretch'd his potent Arm

To ſave *Britannia* found'ring in the Night
Of Slavery; hence *Boyne*'s ſlow thrifty Stream,
Where *William* overthrew the Rebel-Hoſt,
Exalts its Courſe, and boaſts a fairer Fame
Than *Tyber*'s or than *Volga*'s ſounding Floods.

In this great Int'reſt *Marlbro'* graſp'd his Sword,
Led out the *Britiſh* Squadrons, ſtem'd the Pow'r
Of *Gallia*'s haughty Tyrant, ſhook his Throne,
And chain'd th'indignant Monſter to his Shores.
So fares it with the Wolf, who, wont to vex
The hurdled Folds, to grind the quiv'ring Fleſh,
And lap the Life-warm Gore, at length by Night
Is taken in the Shepherd's ſudden Snare,
Where, lock'd within the ſtubborn Bands, he bites
His Chains, and foams, and howls his Rage in vain.

And ſhall dear *Liberty*, for whom our Sires
Exhauſted all their Stores, Tyrannick Threats
Defy'd, and ſhed their warmeſt Blood to nurſe
The ſacred Seed, at once be torn away,

And *Papal Uſurpation* bruiſe the Land
With her hard galling Bondage? What was bought
So dearly, ſhall we peaceably behold
Snatch'd from our Hands, and all our future Race
Robb'd of their beſt Reverſion? *Britons*, hear
Your Fathers, if a ſluggiſh Thought remains,
From yonder bleſt Abodes, your coward Fears
Reproach, and aſk if yet a Spark ſurvives
In their degen'rate Sons, of that bright Flame
Unquenchable, that kindled all their Souls?
Nor leſs look forward to ſucceeding Age,
And think you ſee your Children, where ſoft Love
Has knit its cloſeſt Ties, lift up the Eye,
Running with Tears, and ſunk with hollow Want,
And curſe their Parents Sloth, who tamely gave
Themſelves, and all their Progeny to drag,
And groan beneath Eternal Servitude.

"No;" ſmooth *Papalio* cries, fleec'd like the Lamb
To hide the Wolf that lurks within his Breaſt,

" Your Fears are vain; for, tho' your gracious
" Prince
" Was bred at *Rome*, and may retain his Modes
" Of Worſhip, yet, ſo well he loves your Land,
" Civil and ſacred Liberties ſhall reſt
" On their old Baſe, and gain a firmer Strength,
" For *France* and Spain ſhall hence protect your
" Cauſe."

When Fiſhes leave the wat'ry World, and wing
The Fields of Air, when Birds forſake the Skies,
And ſwim along the Ocean's coral Groves;
When Shepherds chooſe the Tyger to defend
Their woolly Charges; or when Hell's black Fiends
Put off their Malice, and transform to Love;
Then ſhall a *Popiſh* Promiſe be believ'd,
And *Proteſtants* ſeek Shelter from the Realms,
Where Tyranny its bloody Flag diſplays.
Go, ſearch your Oracle, *Papalio*, go,
And ponder his Decrees, then frankly ſay
Are you not licens'd, tho' the ſacred Oath

Is pledg'd, and Heav'ns Eternal Wrath invokld
To blaſt your perjur'd Head, ſtill, ſtill to burſt
The ſolemn Bond? And is not broken Faith,
Guilt moſt deteſtable to God, and Man,
Enſtamp'd for *Merit* by the Peſt of *Rome*?
So *Mary*, firſt that bore the Name, who ſway'd
Britannia's Sceptre, (how unlike the next
Whom *William* 'ſpous'd!) by *Proteſtants* was rais'd
To *Albion*'s Crown, and gave her royal Word
To ratify their Freedom, but in Air
Her Proteſtations quick diſſolv'd away,
And *Popery* her horrid Sway renew'd,
And ſtalk'd in crimſon Horrors o'er the Land.
And *James*, the Second nam'd, whence this abjur'd
Would track his Blood, declar'd his firm Reſolve
To reign the Guardian of our Rights and Laws,
But, once poſſeſt of regal Pow'r, he ſtrove,
Spurr'd on by the blind Prieſthood's headſtrong Rage,

With all his Strength t'unhinge our happy State,
Lock faſt our Chains, and rivet them for ever.
But, Thanks to Heav'n, his violent Career
Unſeal'd the Nations Eyes, inflam'd their Zeal,
And hurl'd the perjur'd Tyrant from the Throne.

Britons, look back to former Days, and learn
What Deluges of Blood the *Romiſh* Church
Imbibes inſatiate, where ſhe graſps the Reign.
Thy Butcheries, O *Lewis*, recent Plague
Of Earth, *Time*'s loud impartial Trump ſhall tell
Through his loſt Rounds, and curſe thy hated Name.
Nor ſhall thy Murders, *Ireland*, be forgot,
When *Rome*'s unkennel'd Blood-hounds iſſuing forth
With ſudden Fury ſlaughter'd half thy Towns:
The Streets encumber'd groan'd with Heaps of Slain,
And ev'ry Channel drunk the purple Flood.
O think the horrid Maſſacres to which
Our happy Iſle is fated, and full ſoon,

If

If *Popery* uſurps deſpotick Rule,
Shall reek through all our Land! The Signal giv'n
Perhaps when *Midnight* tolls her gloomy Hour,
And all is hush'd in Sleep, the Ruffians riſe,
Arm'd with the Piſtol, Bludgeon, Ax, and Sword
And ruſh to boundleſs Death. There, there behold
Your Monarch, gaſh'd with Wounds, and ſmear'd
with Gore,
Extended pale, and dead: There *Fred'rick* bleeds,
With fair *Auguſta*, welt'ring at his Side,
And all their lovely Babes, whom brutal Rage
Swung, daſh'd, and brain'd upon the Threſhold's
Edge.
Nor young *Naſſau* eſcapes, but cloven down
By the broad ſudden Ax, his Soul expires
Indignant. Nor *Amelia*'s gentle Charms,
Nor *Cardina*'s ought avail to ſave
From the wide-waſting Slaughter. Nor does leſs,
O *London*, through thy Streets of Palaces,
The wild Deſtruction reign. Mixt with the Sounds
Of theſe infernal Furies that urge on
Their

Their half-relenting Hearts to execute
Their horrible Reſolves, the Mother ſhrieks
To ſee her Infant from her warm Embrace
Torn, and impal'd upon the Ruffian's Steel,
Then ruſhes on the Blade with her dear Babe
To mix in Death whom Life could ne'er disjoin.
Here the grey venerable Sage bow'd down
With num'rous Years, ſcreams out a feeble Cry,
Then drops, and dies; and ſcarce his frozen Veins,
Empty'd by Time of their full crimſon Tides,
Diſtain the ſteely Edge. Here Youth's gay Bloom
And Manhood's ſtately Growth are levell'd down,
Tho' not without meet Vengeance on their Foes,
Sharers in Death, but diſtant far in Crime.
Here the fair virtuous Virgin falls a Prey
To ſavage Luſt, and wails her Woes in vain,
Then meets her *ſecond* Death from deadly Shot,
Or the keen Poniard plung'd into her Breaſt:
Still, ſtill the Havock bleeds: Nor Sex, nor Age,
Nor Order high, nor low, nor Gifts, nor Tears
Can plead a ſhort Reprieve. The Carnage ſwells;

Blood

Blood rolls with Blood; till at the rising Sun
One universal Murder shocks the Sight:
And Silence, such as waits on Midnight's Tour,
Shall undisturb'd possess thy mournful Gates,
O *London*, at the Noonday's wakeful Beam,
Once Mart of Nations, and the World's great Eye.

Such, such the dire Entail of Miseries,
The Poverty, the Perj'ry, and the Blood,
Where *Pop'ry* rears her Terrors, and uplifts
Her sanguine Standard. Thou, *Britannia*, see,
Already see the tragick Woes begun,
In Rapine, bleeding Outrage, brutal Lust
O'er half thy Kingdom. Rise, *Britannia*, rise,
Gird on the Sword, the adamantine Shield
Upheave, and grasping all thy Thunders, go,
Dreadful as in *Eliza*'s glorious Day
That *Fame* resounds through ev'ry circling Age,
Confound their hellish Counsels, break their
Strength,
And whelm the boundless Vengeance on thy Foes.

But

But chiefly Thou, Almighty God, whoſe Hand
Sways the broad Globe, and all the various Fates
Of Empires wide diſtributes, lift thine Arm,
Thou everlaſting Source of Truth, and Love,
In Thine, as *Britain*'s Cauſe: horrible Rout
To theſe Rebellious, but to *Brunſwick*'s Arms
Swift Victory ordain. Thus ſhall ſoft Peace
With Olive-Wreaths, and Dove-like Innocence
Once more inveſt our Iſle. And we, no more
Ingrate to *George* and Heav'n, ſhall wake the String
Of hymnal Joy, and ſound thine Acts of Pow'r
In Numbers fervent, as our Groans ariſe.

THE VINE and BRAMBLE, A FABLE.

The Hint taken from *Jud.* ix. 8--15.

IS there a *Briton* hopes to ſee
George and his royal Progeny
From *Britain*'s Throne, and Kingdom hurl'd,
And driv'n in Exile o'er the World?
Then let him hear this uſeful Tale;
For Truth is often known to fail
In native Light to ſtrike the Heart,
But charms in the Diſguiſe of Art.

The Trees a gen'ral Council held
Who ſhould th'imperial Sceptre wield;
Each for the Vine declares his Choice,
And joins his loud applauding Voice,
Except the Thiſtle, Bri'r, and Thorn,
But they by publick Vote o'erborn,
At length ſurceas'd their clam'rous Roar,
And gave the fruitleſs Struggle o'er.
The Vine aſſum'd the regal Sway;
Time roll'd his Hours ſerene, and gay
For almoſt twenty Springs; nor cou'd
A Tree in Orchard, Grove, or Wood,
Show Reaſon of Complaint, that He
Had felt the Ax of Tyranny:
Each Year the Vine ſpread wide his Bough,
A Shelter to the Plants below,
And ſent abroad for gen'ral Uſe
The Purple Grape's nectareous Juice.

At length a Bramble-Bush forlorn,
Aided by Thistle, Brier, and Thorn,
That in the pathless Desarts grew,
Vain Sov'reign of the prickly Crew,
Presumptuous spoke; "That starry Crown
"And kingly State are all my own;
"Then with low Homage in the Dust
"Yourselves to my broad Shadow trust,
(And as he talk'd thus wond'rous big
Far out he shot a naked Sprig)
"Or else, ye Rebel-Trees, beware,
"By *France*'s *Fleur de Luce* I swear,
"I'll send abroad my Bolts of Thunder,
"And rive your Trunks, and Roots asunder."

Each Thorn sunk down his spiky Head,
And wav'd Assent to what he said.

But ev'ry other Tree abhorr'd
Submission to this paltry Lord;

The

The Oak with grand Pre-eminence
Reach'd out his Arms of ſtrong Defence;
And ev'ry Cedar, Palm, and Pine
Claſp'd his beſt Boughs around the Vine,
And pledg'd their Honour to ſuſtain
Their Prince, and guard his fruitful Reign.

So if a baſe-born Wretch pretends,
With *Highland Rabble* for his Friends,
To break *Britannia*'s bleſt Repoſe,
And ſnatch the Crown from *George*'s Brows,
Let *Britons* burn with gen'rous Rage,
And in their Monarch's Cauſe engage;
For Vines ſhould ſtrike a deeper Root,
Extend their Shade, and yield their Fruit,
While Brambles with their Race decay,
Or in a Blaze conſume away.

F I N I S.

20 JY 64

ERRATA.

P. 19. l. 14. for *abjur'd*, read *Abjur'd*. P. 20. l. 11. for *loſt* read *laſt*.